



DASARATHI SATAKAM

Translated by

Dr. PAPPU VENUGOPALA RAO

POTTI SREEERAMULU TELUGU UNIVERSITY

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FOREWORD

Translated by
Dr. PAPPY VENUGOPALA RAO



POTTI SREERAMULU TELUGU UNIVERSITY
HYDERABAD

1998

DASARATHI SATAKAM (English) TRANSLATION
by Dr. Pappu Venugopala Rao

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POTTI SREERAMULU TELUGU UNIVERSITY

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There can be no doubt that such an interesting and aesthetically satisfying genre should be introduced to the non Telugu reader too. This form of poetry, with its accent on either divine worship or Social Philosophy, transcends all barriers of language, culture, place and religion. 'Dasarathi Satakam' by Kancherla Gopanna, better known as Bhakta Ramadas, belongs to the first category of satakas, i.e.,

FOR WORD

'Sataka' is a genre of unique qualities, with its instant appeal to both the common reader and the scholar. It is mostly subjective and devotional, many times philosophical too in nature, which is the main reason for its universal and continuous appeal through the ages. Sataka poetry in Telugu dates from the eleventh century during the saivaite age of literature and continues to regale the readers even in the modern period.

There can be no doubt that such an interesting and aesthetically satisfying genre should be introduced to the non Telugu reader too. This form of poetry, with its accent on either divine worship or Social Philosophy, transcends all barriers of language, culture, place and religion. 'Dasarathi Satakam' by Kancherla Gopanna, better known as Bhakta Ramadas, belongs to the first category of satakas, i.e.,

Ramadas (1620-1680) who had to undergo various stages of suffering in life, pours out his agony and at the same time, his unshakable faith and devotion for Rama. In fact, Kancherla Gopanna acquired the name 'Ramadas' because of his total surrender to Rama.

Sataka, as its name suggests, contains a minimum of 100 poems and often, much more than that. "Dasarathi Satakam" is no exception to this. The 'Makutam' or the punchline, which occurs at the end of each poem 'Dasarathy Karuna Payonidhi' gives the sataka a moving, tearful tone, thus invoking Lord Rama to be his saviour.

Literary form, like 'Satakam' should be preserved for as many generations as possible, to retain the culture of devotional and philosophical poetry. And it is possible only through translation to give them a wider readership across the country.

Potti Sriramulu Telugu University, committed to the cause of propagating Telugu Culture at all levels, feels proud to produce a translated version of 'Dasarathi Satakam' ably done by Sri Pappu Venugopala Rao. Translation is not an easy process and more so, when a 17th century Telugu text in metrical verse has to be brought into English. Sri Venugopala Rao has very efficiently negotiated all the linguistic and cultural problems and came out with an excellent work. I congratulate him for his stupendous effort in retaining the essence and flavour of the original.

Dasarathy Satakam, one of the highly devotional poems in Telugu has been translated into English by me. One may be able to translate the literary part of a work into another language, but it is not always easy to translate the emotions of the original writer. I tried my best and leave the rest to the judgement of the readers.

My translation has been enriched by the Foreword authored by Prof. Nayani Krishnakumari, Vice Chancellor of P.S. Telugu University. I am beholden at her affection towards me. This work has not seen the light of the day for few years due to some unavoidable circumstances. I am also grateful to her for the initiative she has taken to get it published.

I express my gratitude to all those directly and indirectly responsible for this publication, specially to Prof. C. Ramaiah, Registrar who expedited the whole process.

Hyderabad
Date: 16-2-1998

Prof. Nayani Krishna Kumari

Dr. Pappu Venugopala Rao
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CHENNAI

GRATITUDE

Pappu Venugopala Rao

DASARATHY SATAKAM
(A HUNDRED VERSES ON DASARATHY)

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of Compassion !

Raghu Rama ! ornamented with the garland of
the beautiful Tulasi leaves,
Richly endowed with peace tolerance and other
nice qualities,

Decorated with the wealth of valour, famous in
the three worlds,
(You are the) one who killed the irrepressible

demon Kabandha,

And one whose name enables the people of the
world cross the ocean of sins.

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

Rama ! (You are the) one who with much valour
defeated Bhargava Rama,

A multitude of virtues, religiously desirous

of turning your face away from other women,

Black like the dark clouds,

Moon of the milky ocean of Kakustha dynasty,

Suppressor of the strength of the shoulders of the demons.

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

You speak always the truth,

You are the rescuer of those who seek refuge,

Remover of all sins with the shining flow of your mercy,

One who gives happiness to Brahmins,

One whose feet are like the lotuses of the Celestial

Ganges,

And whose scintillating ornaments shine with gems.

3

Alivose svam sri

Stivayayvai svam bhava vana sru (sri sru vana)

Alivoda vana

svam vishay svam vishay svam vishay svam vishay

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the destroyer of egoistic enemies,

You have the king of birds as your horse,

You are the Sun who dispels the dense darkness

of series of dangers,

The one made happy by Ranganatha,

Merciful at heart, attached to the good people,

The bee of the lotus heart of the daughter of the earth,

The elephant to the lotuses of demons,

And one with auspicious body.

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the one who gives wealth,

One who serves by saints like Sanandana,

One who earned fame which spreads to the end of all

sides,

You entertain yourself in protecting all beings,

You cut the creepers of sorrow,

You are the moon of the sea of kings,

And you enjoy dance, music and the like.

5

Alivose svam sri

Stivayayvai svam bhava vana sru (sri sru vana)

Alivoda vana

svam vishay svam vishay svam vishay svam vishay

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

After saluting the elders humbly,

Saluting Raghunatha Bhattacharya

Praising the poets,

With ease I author a Satakam today,

Please accept it with concentration.

6

The Rambha and companion

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

*Like bartering pearls for zyzyphus jujube,
With greed I gave my poetry to evil people*

and got deceived,

*Grant piousness to my tongue,
Sprinkling nectar on my words,
And dance happily on the stage of my devout tongue.*

7

दो एव सह यो वार्ता
दो एव सह यो वार्ता
दो एव सह यो वार्ता
दो एव सह यो वार्ता

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the one who wears a beautiful garland,

One whose body shines like the leguminous flower,

One who is like a celestial tree to the devotees,

One who is above change,

One who rambles in the Ultimate,

One who elevates the beings of all the three worlds,

One who drives away the heaps of sins,

And one who is an axe to the forests of demons like

Khara.

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the sickle for the creepers of sins,

Fire to the forests Khara and Dushana,

Unique at the art of ruling the earth,

The principle of dismantling the corporeal existence,

You have wide and beautiful lotus eyes,

You have a great virtuous history,

And your body is like big black cloud.

9

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the one who wears clothes embedded with gold,

The sharp blade of an axe that cuts the corporeal

forests,

One who protects the good people,

One whose virtues are praised by the Gods,

One who is adept in the art of archery,

And one whose fame is clear like the jasmins,

the sandal and camphor.

Oh Dasarathy of Bhadragiri ! Ocean of compassion !

Grant attention,

*You are the moon in the ocean of the Raghu dynasty,
I worship your sacred and great lotus feet,
With flowers of words filled with sweetness,
In Utpala and Campaka meters,*

You are the one whose name enables people cross

mundane state.

11

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*Oh king of Solar dynasty !
Even if my words go wrong*

*Isn't the poem written well on your name attain piouness?
Does the celestial Ganges loose its greatness
Even if it bends on its way
Or acquires impurities?*

12

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Even if my words go wrong

*Isn't the poem written well on your name attain piouness?
Does the celestial Ganges loose its greatness
Even if it bends on its way
Or acquires impurities?*

13

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
Your name enables one to cross the mundane state,
To the horrid ocean of sins, it is an inextinguishable*

flame,

To the corporeal existence and the sorrows

Which have wide flame of fire,

It is the rain of nectar,

To the bad and unending religious practices,

Which are like the fearful forests,

It is the severe and sharp blade of an axe.

12

14

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
Your sacred name which purifies the sinners,
Which was the holy hymn to Siva, Vishnu and Sita,
Which like a friend in need drove away the sorrows
Of the elephant, Akalya and Draupadi.
Let it ever dance on my tongue.*

15

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
I hold on my head the dust of the feet of
Great Souls who with single mindedness
Worship you always saying
"Oh Hari ! Ocean of absolute compassion
That purifies the sinners",
Hence, Yama the god of Death orders his gang of servants
Not to go any where near such places.*

17

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
At a disastrous old age when the servants
Of the God of Death come to my front yard,
At a time when with many deceases
The gullet is filled with phlegm,
When relatives surround me,
Whether I think of you or not then,
For that day I worship you now without fail.*

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
I praise thee,
You are the father of Brahma,
The Absolute of Sanaka and others,
The ultimate God to many great brahmins and saints,
The great king in the solar race,
You shine as the complete self,
With the king of birds on your flag.*

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

I give the garland of my poetry to the maid of your fame,

Which says:

You are the protector of the wise,

You liberate people of all their sins,

You are worshipped by the one who is born in a lotus and

Indra,

You are the one who with adeptness in archery,

Cut the ten heads of Ravana.

19

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

While the goddess of wealth has become Sita,

While your group of servants became the orthodox

Vaishnavites,

While the Viraja river became Godavari,

While the Vykuntha became the peak of Bhadragiri,

You are the Vishnu the protector of beings.

20

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Oh destroyer of demons who harm the world,

I saw the bank of the river,

I saw your abode on the Bhadra hill,

I saw the daughter of the Earth,

I saw your great bow, arrows, conchshell and the wheel,

I saw you and I saw Lakshmana,

All my ambition is fulfilled.

21

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

It is like a farmer who suddenly finds,

Wealth at the tip of his plough,

Like a man suffering from thirst,

Finding the water of the Holy Ganges,

That you made me, a bad and impure-minded man,

To think of you !

22

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*The treasure called Rama which
Is found by digging the ground of ultimate reality
With the cross bar of definite logic
Has come to my mind today through devotions
As if like the revelation of the concealed treasure
Through the magic colyrium.*

23

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*Inferior men severally worship many inferior gods,
Like people who prefer neem to sugar,
Unlike that, If one has to pay obeisance
It has to be to you,
And one is to be granted liberation
It should be only by you
Why any other word?*

25

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
Rama is the destroyer of horrid sins,
He is the garden where creepers of all virtues grow,
One who won over the six bad qualities,
One who vowed to protect the good people,
I consider Rama as the Absolute God
And worship your lotus feet alone.*

24

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*Wise men say that of the syllables,
'Ra' purifies one and dispels all sins from within
'Ma' definitely protects and acts as the door in
preventing evils,
If only people take to those syllables
And chant them with devotion,
They wouldn't face the series of dangers.*

26

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

It seems people who chant your name in ecstatic relish

saying,

Rama Hare! Oh Rama Hare of kakushta dynasty!

Raghu Rama Hare! Sri Rama Hare!

Constantly like the Croaking frog,

Would get liberated from this worldly life

Reside in the abode of the ultimate.

27

ix

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

People crave for a handful of sugar,

The tender-leaf like lips of damsels

And the Sweetness of honey, but can't see that

There is nothing happier than

The sweet nectar taste of the name of Rama.

28

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

A consider Rama in the company of sain aliquot que
And worship your form that although like croak with black

resound to above the said rishawn (self

30

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

While wealth is given by Sita,

Hanuman drives away sufferings,

The son of Sumitra destroys the sins in sorrow,

And the name of Rama extends compassion.

Is'nt your greatness like a diamond cage

To protect the human race ?

Is'nt your greatness like a diamond cage

To protect the human race ?

31

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Oh great Rama !

You entered the ocean, lifted the mountain,

Erected the earth on your horn,

Tore the body of a demon,

Pressed the king Bali to the nether world,

Destroyed the group of kings,

Please come and fix yourself in my thoughts.

Is'nt your greatness like a diamond cage

To protect the human race ?

32

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Your lotus feet seen with the signs of

Plough, thunderbolt, goad, flag, bow, conch, wheel,

The celestial tree and the lotus lines,

As given to the wife of Gautama,

Grant them to my thoughts and protect me.

33

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

I setup a pole on a rut elephant

And proclaim sounding the kettle-drum, the sounds of

which pervade all the universe,

That there is none equal to Rama,

Who is terrible in war,

A relative to people in distress,

Whose fame shines as an archer with great quiver.

34

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You are the moon for the lotus eyes of the daughter of

the earth,

You are the cloud on the full blown breasts of the lotus

eyed Janaki,

You are the elephant in rut to the forests of her new

youth,

With love, I worship you ever.

35

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

The one who is born in the solar clan !

I've entered here the wide shining great

Diamond cage of your lotus feet,

Which prevents one from the severish anguish

Of the serpentine fear of the undestructible

ghosts and spirits,

Please do not forget that you hold the title

Of being the protector of the helpless men.

36

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

I suck up the ambrosia of your episodes

The nectar flowing from the name of Rama,

Grant me the place of people who know

The taste of such suckingup,

And prevent me from being friendly with the wretched.

37

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

Your name capable of making the people cross the ocean

of sins,

To the scores of your servants it is always

Like an alarm to the hearts of the Fierce servants

of the God of Death,

It is engaged in the sport of killing the ghost of poverty, or

It is the opener of the doors of Vaikuntha

It is the opener of the doors of Vaikuntha

38

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

Please listen to my request, Oh hero of the Raghus!

There is none in each of the worlds,

A more wretched man than me,

And among the Gods a more absolutely generous

personality than you,

Who drives away the impurities of the fallen men,

You are the one praised by the learned men,

You are my destiny and refuge.

39

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of Compassion

You are the father

Who holds the galaxies in your stomach,

And protects the innumerable animate & inanimate

Shouldn't you be on my side,

As I am your son by lineage?

Oh protector of the Universe,

Are'nt you the doer ?

41

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

In rearing you are the mother,

In protecting me from the multitudes of sins

You are the father,

In preventing the deceases of the ten senses in the body,

You are the medicine man.

And you are the resort to me,

To shower your mercy and give me good wealth,

That the heavens are definite to me.

40

42

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion !

Oh brother of Bharatha !

Is it because the people of Kali can't see you ?
Is it because you stopped favouring your devotees ?
These men shouldn't say so but,
Did the captivity of Sita fade in your memory ?
Why don't you respond while I call you,
Sinking in the ocean of the dense dangerous situations ?

43.

45

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

When people get sins,

When they are in danger from war,
Serpents,ghosts,fear or fever,
It appears you protect them who worship you,
By going together with your brothers on either sides,
And help them in driving away their anguish from those
dangers.

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
Oh noble of men ! One who is praised by Sanandana !
You bestowed a boon on one
Who disliking to hear your stories,
Engaged his ears in the sport of hearing the ringing
bells,
Grant me that which you give to those great souls,
Who believe in you and worship you always.

44

46

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!
Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

Though the sins I commit are many,

To my tongue your pious name has become as a sweet

drink.

A parrot when it uttered at the end 'oh Rama protect me'

It was given liberation,

Therefore I want to hold to it (the name of Rama).

47

I am your servant.

48

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion !

The mind feels it joy to steal the wealth of others,

To feel the other women and enjoy the others food,

But it does not know the deceit that befalls later,

I just don't know how you would protect us

And reach us the shore without being subjected to

The invisible blows of the maces

Of the servants of the God of death.

48

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion !

I committed horrid deeds,

I committed faults at the pious men.

I associated myself with people who worship other Gods,

Don't put me to trouble keeping in mind the mistakes I

committed,

49

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion !

Catch the big thief of my mind,

Which desires to steal as it looks

At others' women and others' wealth,

Warp it up with the ropes of strong servitude,

Coupled with brilliant wisdom,

And tie it to the celestial tree of your lotus feet.

50

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion!

I don't know the essence of chanting the graceful name

of Rama,

Neither am I a resident of Kasi,

Nor I am Ahalya to know the great effect

Of the dust of your lotus feet,

Nor am I the brother of Ravana

To think of your truthful utterances

Oh noble person of the universe!

Am I competent to think and sing the praise of your

adventures?

51

On Dasarathy / Ocean of compassion

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

I don't know what Chiragupta writes about my multitude

of sins,

What sentence would be granted by the God of Death,

I can't hear of it now,

Oh wishing stone for the helpless !

I just don't know how you would protect me.

52

Oh Dasarathy! Ocean of compassion!

Even sinners are worthy of your mercy as one observes,

A morbid rock attained holiness,

An enemy got the comfort of the kingdom,

A bad tribe acquired virtuousness,

The monkey class became great,

Therefore you are the bestower to any kind of people.

52

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You showed kindheartedness to Sabari,

Did she become your relative as she came near ?

You gave your servanthood to Guha,

Is he your servants 'servant' ?

You don't see my requests,

Is it because of the sins I committed ?

I am one among your servants, protect me.

54

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*I just don't know how many helpless people like me
You protected as a vow,
Once when the daughter of Drupada thought of you,
You saved her by giving countless clothes,
What a pity ! why don't you listen to my lamentation
And appear to me ?*

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*Don't be inattentive,
You are the one who protects the devotees,
Let not your conduct go in vain,
Please listen to me, Your title is like a diamond,
Don't neglect,
I always think of you in my heart,
As a boat in the ocean of my sins.*

57

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*When I want to see your bright black-cloud-like form,
You delay and hide yourself,
In which corner can you hide the holy name of Rama ?
To us, that is a source for liberation,
And a spade for the root of sins.*

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*I said, I committed sins knowing not them as mistakes,
I said, you are my father, protect me,
I said, I don't bow to others any more,
I said, I am a servant of the servants of your accepted
servants,
You are the refuge to all my mistakes.*

58

Oh Dasarathy ! Oh Ocean of compassion !

When people scandalised me as a bad man,

I accepted it,

I said I am a fallen man,

I said, when you are the rescuer of the fallen men,

I worship none else,

If you wish, give me the comforts of this world, or of the

I will believe and worship your unique sweet lettered

other

name of Rama

Resting in my heart of hearts.

59

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Your arrow at once brought the seven seas to one side,

The dust of lotus feet pleasantly

Turned a stone into a woman,

Even the lotus-born and other Gods,

Can not describe your story,

Therefore it is impossible to attempt to do that.

61

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

If you just sprinkle the essence

Of the revered nectar of your compassion on me,

With that I frown on all my sins

Shake the retinue of enemies,

Drive away the desires,

And as your servant I bruise

The servants of the God of Death.

60

62

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Notable among kings , Oh Rama ! Great among Raghus,

Oh Rama !

Establisher of kingdom in the three worlds, Oh Rama !

Giver of liberation, Oh Rama ! Husband of Sita, Oh

Rama !

I praise you, Oh Rama ! Oh Rama ! Drive away my sins.

63

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Beloved of the daughter of the Earth !

It is a wonder that the stone when touched

By your feet became a young woman,

It is a wonder that the mountains

Floated stably on waters,

What a wonder it is on earth

That those who think of you get liberated !

Save me with merciful mind.

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You are by nature amiable,

Your residence is the milky ocean,

Your son is the lotus-born (Brahma),

Your beloved is the one who lives in the lotuses,

Your throne is the earth, Umbrella the sky,

Your eyes are the moon and the sun,

Your flowery bed is the Adisesha,

Your are everything, what a luck it is

For your servants who worship you.

64

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

There is no end to the greed even if

Comfort of floating on the sea of luxurious

Kingdom of Indra is available,

If wealth equivalent to the mountain of gold is available,

Even a pie does not go with you,

And even after ten thousand lives

The good and the sin committed

Knowingly or unknowingly do not vanish;

Enough of all this, I don't want rebirth

Take me as your servant and rule.

67

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

In the incarnation as an aquatic,

You only entered the ocean

And killed the fierce and strong demon king,

Who stole the Vedas,

You liberated them and with great generosity,

Gave them to Brahma.

69

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Alas ! The people do not realise

The greatness of helping others,

While the weight of the earth is borne

By scholars, generous people, truthful men,

Unmiserly people, women of valour and chastity,

Brahmins, cows and the Vedas.

68

mountain.

70

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*When the golden eyed demon rolled the earth as a mat,
Took it away with him and hid himself under the sea,
In the form of boar, you only killed him,
And bore the earth as earlier,
On your right horn and widened it.*

71

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*You only in the form of a celebate boy,
Occupied speedily with two feet
The portions of the earth and the sky,
And suppressed¹ the mighty king Bali,
With another foot on his head,*

To give the three worlds to Indra for good.

73

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*You only came out of the steel pillar,
With crashing sound, with brilliance
Of the teeth and nails pervading all over
In the terrible form of a man-lion,
When with indomitable strength in the war,
You killed Hiranya Kasipa and
Showed mercy to his son.*

72

74

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You only killed Tataka in war,

Broke the bow of Siva and married Sita,

You went to the dense forests at the behest of your father,

And killed the mountainous Ravana and Kumbhakarna,

With the unhindered, dextrous, fiery and thunderbolt-like

Arrows with no foot, taken from

Hoog' ro' wheel of chariot with the swing

75

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

You only took the form of Buddha,

As the gods praised you to covet the beautiful women

of Tripura

And at the time of burning the demons of Tripuras

You helped Siva with great and fiery

Arrows and other weapons.

76

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

In the unique ocean of nectar of the Yadava dynasty,

The moon-like Krishna was born

As younger brother to you,

Who destroyed all evil people,

And with the pride of the strength of your shoulders,

You were the god, shone as the son of Rohini,

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

When the universe became impossible,

With the adulterated intermixture of castes,

With wisdom you rode on a great horse,

With a sword in your hand,

And made it possible for the good people,

With your splendid valour.

77

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With a sword in your hand,

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With your splendid valour.

78

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*Before the power of imagination in the mind fades away,
Before the fitness of the body gives way to diseases like
phlegm,*

*Man should start achieving the salvation,
It is against the Physical body,
To stop thinking of Philosophy.*

79

*Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
The groups of fear and anguish which follow
The creepers of sin, get splashed into pieces,
With the fiery sword of the name of Rama,
As grasshoppers and other groups of insects,
Get destroyed when they approach the burning fire.*

81

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*With the devotion to the feet of Hari,
One who wins over the senses is the best man,
One who tries decisively.
To control the senses is of middle order,
And the one who is enticed by the senses, is the inferior man.
If that is so, I just don't know
How you would protect the bad-minded me !*

80

82

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

The elephant gets ensnared by the itching of the body, १०
The fish gets spoiled by the temptation of the mouth, ११
The snake gets trapped by the sense of hearing, १२
The deer gets caught by the intoxication of the eyes, १३
The bee gets destroyed by being in the smell, १४
Is it possible to win over these five senses ? १५
You only have to protect with five tools. १६

83

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

When the one who offered you a tulasi leaf, १७
Shines among all the celestial beings, १८
King of birds and snakes, १९
for those who always worship your lotus feet, २०
Isn't liberation at their finger tips ?

85

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

With mercy make it possible to achieve salvation, २१
As the hands salute you, २२
As the eyes look at you, २३
As the tongue is engaged in chanting you, २४
As the ears listen to your stories, २५
And as the nose wishes to smell, २६
The flowers decorated on your shoulders, २७

84

85

86

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Without taking a dip in the nectar of your stories,

With great conceptual perception of sentiment,

People undergo all physical strain,

In taking a dip in all the holy waters of the world, in vain,

Do they drive away the bad dark and muddy

fluctuations of the mind?

87

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
Your wife Lakshmi has the skill to give many wealths,
Your daughter Ganga can purify the world of impurities,
Your son Brahma is efficient and capable in creation,
gives lives,

Don't the servants who worship you,
Get their desires fulfilled?

89

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

One who is ornamented with shining golden ear rings!

Just as the dust acquired by the golden ornaments

Is purified by burning them in fire,

Would the three forbidden impurities

Acquired by the mind be driven away,

Without the flames of the fire of the revered Bhakti

Yoga?

88

90

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Where are the mother and father?

Form where are the sons?

Where are the wife and relatives?

Whatever body the being takes, it goes alone!

The result of good and sin is experienced alone,

No one is seen along,

I don't want this corporeal existence,

Show mercy and don't put me to your deceitful illusion.

91

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

When one forgets himself at the time of wealth,

And feels sorry repeatedly at the time of distress,

What is the use?

It is like digging for water in haste,

When the wind provokes fire,

And when one is in the danger of thirst.

92

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Even after seeing the bodies becoming old,

Even after seeing the lightening nature of power and

wealthy,

And even after repeatedly seeing associates going ahead,

Without knowing the diminishing span of life,

Those who do not cut the bonds of illusion,

To them, what is the remedy?

92

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Just as a fish entrenched in mud

When water dries up stays stably there,

And waits for water alone,

One who does not distract his mind

From the concentration of your Bhakthi Yoga,

He alone crosses the mundane world.

93

94

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*The mind of an amiable man is known,
To one who knows elegance.*

*How can an inferior ruffian,
Understand and appreciate it ?*

*Just as a frog which lives in the same pond,
Does not know as a bee,*

The fullblown lotuses' smell of the honey.

95

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*I worshipped you, requesting you repeatedly to protect
me,*

*Oh brilliant one ! Husband of Janaki !
Personification of knowledge !*

*Husband of Rama, Oh Rama ! Oh Narayana !
Destroy the multitudes of sins in my mind,
Don't let me down, Grant me the brilliant good result.*

96

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*To the fortunate parents one son is enough,
Who does not stretch his hand,*

Who does not say ' no ', and

Gives to others who stretch their hands,

Who when opens his mouth,

Does not speak anything else but truth,

And who does not hide his body in a war.

96

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

*For whatever merit of Sabari,
You ate what she ate first and offered you,*

Isn't it a wonderful secret,

That you happily left the impressions of your nails,

On the body of a squirrel,

What can be taken into account of the high-born ?

Isn't your greatness a philosophy in itself ?

98

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
 One who does not lie is a worthy man.
 One who does not fear when the battalions of enemies
 Invade is a warrior.
 One who does not hesitate when one extends his hand,
 Asking in haste, is a generous man.
 And one who worships you alone,
 Is a man without pain or problem in mind.

99

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
 The trees produce flowers and they become unripe fruits,
 But the wonder is that the very flowers,
 When they reach your feet in worship,
 Become to your servants ,
 Heaps of rich grain and wealth,
 Elephants, servants , horses, clothes and much more,
 And enable your servants cross the Viraja river.

100

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
 When a bee takes an insect,
 And with effort of its humming makes it a bee,
 What is marvel in it
 That you absorb in your universal form,
 The beings with devotion
 After destroying their darkness of the sorrow of birth.

101

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !
 I held the feet of Guru Bhattacharya,
 I held on my body the upright marks,
 I bound the king of mantras in my apron,
 I derided the retinue of Yama's servants,
 And keeping my concentration at your lotus feet,
 I drove away the multitudes of sins.

102

normally up to 100 or even more !

GLOSSARY

Oh Dasarathy ! Ocean of compassion !

Husband of the universe !

I am your servant ,

Son of Alama Linga Mantri of Atri lineage , known also as

Of first subsect , Of Kancerla dynasty

Praised by all poets , famous as Indra among poets ,

I am Gopanna , who composed this.

Alama Linga Mantri , known also as Dasarathy ,

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Alama Linga Mantri , known also as Dasarathy ,

Dasarathy

Bhadragiri

Bhadrachalam

Kabandha

Raghunatha

Bhargava Rama

Satukam

Ranganatha

Sanandana

Raghus

Vaikuntha

A saint

of Bhīrgu

a deity

A saint

supposedly staying at

Vaikuntha, the abode of Vishnu

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Raghunatha

Son of Dasaratha , Rama

A mountain by name Bhadra , The

place is also known as

Bhadrachalam

The sacred basil , a plant

A demon

Another incarnation of Vishnu , son

of Bhīrgu

a deity

A saint supposedly staying at

Vaikuntha, the abode of Vishnu

Raghunatha

normally up to 108 or even more !

a demon

another demon , brother of Khara

Khara

Dhuisana

Upala Lotus; name of a particular meter

Upala Lotus; name of a particular meter
in verse

Campaka The gold flower or chrysanthemum,
name of a particular meter in verse

Vindhya a mountain range located in
central India

Siva One of the Gods in the Trinity that
the Hindus believe in

Vibhishana Brother of Ravana, who kidnapped
Sita

Sita He sought refuge at Rama's
feet

Sita Consort of Rama

Elephant An elephant caught by a crocodile
in waters prayed for Vishnu, who
rescued it by killing the crocodile.

Ahalya Wife of Gautama, a saint, who
willingly slept with a brahmachari
Gautama rebuked him
object or stone for her unchaste
character

Draupadi daughter of Drupada, a king, wife
of Pandavas

Brahma the creator, a god among Trinity

Sanaka another saint supposedly staying at

Vaikuntha

One who is born in

a lotus *Brahma*

Indra The king of Gods

Ravana The demon king who kidnapped Sita
to Lanka, his island kingdom

Goddess of wealth: *Lakshmi* or *Sri*, the consort of

Vishnu

Vaishnavites People who follow the doctrines of

Vaishnavism, the religion which

preaches of Vishnu

Viraja A river near Vaikuntha

Godavari A river near Bhadracalam of

Andhra

Vaikuntha To save the abode of Vishnu

Vishnu The god who incarnated himself to

sustain the existence of the world,
one among the Trinity

Lakshmana Younger brother of Rama

Six bad qualities: desire, anger, miserliness, illusion,
ruthless, envy

Hare Oh Hari !, another name of Vishnu

Adishesha

Kakustha The dynasty in which Rama is born
Hanuman Monkey god, servant of Rama
Sumithra One among the three wives of a

Gautama Queen who is a saint, husband of Ahalya
Janaki Daughter of king Janaka, consort of

Kali Name of the age in which Dharma

is destroyed, also another name of Sita

Mandara Name of the age in which Dhama

Demon who had bells diminishes and evil prospers

ringing and Ghantasura, a demon

Bharata Another younger brother of Rama

Kasi Varanasi, the holy city on the banks

Citragupta and the minister-scribe of Yama, the

Boar God of Death

Sabari an tribal woman whom Rama met in

visit the forests

Guha and went to a fisherman, king of that

mountainous community who crosses Rama on the

Brahma (the created god among Trinity)

Adishesha The great serpent with 1000 hoods,

supposedly the bed of Vishnu, on the milky ocean

Of the 10 incarnations of Vishnu, the first one is that of a fish

The Knowledge inherited from the Gods, the four Vedas are said to

have emanated from the four faces of Vishnu

Tortoise and the name third in the 10 incarnations of Vishnu

Vishnu The mountain used to churn the milky ocean

Second in the 10 incarnations of Vishnu

Hiranyaksha, the demon, who is

Golden eyed Demon Hiranyaksha, the demon, who is

Boar supposed to have golden eyes, hence

the name third in the 10 incarnations of Vishnu

Man-lion fourth in the 10 incarnations of

Vishnu Demon, brother of Hiranyaksha

Bali a demon king

Tataka a female demon killed by Rama

Kumbhakarna

Brother of Ravana, notorious for his six months of undisturbed sleep in every year

Yadava

a community of milk-men

Krishna

mother of Balarama, brother of

Krishna

Tripura

a demon who imprisoned several beautiful women

Three forbidden

Phlegm, bile and strabismus

Impurities

devotion as a means of liberation

Bhakti Yoga

another name of Vishnu

Narayana

another name for Lakshmi

Rama

inextinguishable flame that is supposed to burn under sea water

Badabagni

the element of water, which burns

and gives birth to life

and gives birth to life

and gives birth to life

and gives birth to life